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Have you an uncomfortable feeling of lassitude?

Without vital force you are not capable of feeling activity.

You want a healthy tonic that will invigorate without disturbing the harmonious process of life.

Paine's Celery Compound, endorsed by neuropaths and specialists, has been for over 19 years the standard nerve tonic of the world.

Read the formula and the statements of the medical authorities and you will understand just how and just why it is.

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## TOWN TALK

By The Man About Town.

"To like to ask a question, if you'd please allow the space in your valued publication"—

Wrote the holy Father Grace.

"I'll be thoroughly delighted, if the Reverend Holywrit Would also use your columns To carefully answer it."

"The question is: Did Adam, Our late deceased dad, Drop the apple that Eve gave him, And then declare it bad?"

"Or did he merely bite it And return to her the core, Declaring it was sour, And he'd taste of it no more?"

"I saw in your valued columns"—

Wrote the Reverend Holywrit,

"The question asked by Father Grace, And I will answer it."

"Firstly, there was no apple: (See Habelais, verse 10); Said pipkin was a lemon, Handed the first of men."

"Dear Editor," wrote Father Grace, "I note with reverent pain, That Brother Holywrit, dear soul, Is off his base again."

"Dear Editor," wrote Holywrit, To note that holy Father Grace Has lost his self-control."

Back and forth and forth and back The priest and parson fought, With elegance and eloquence And many a grand relict.

Until one day a trumpet blew, It was the Judgment Day—"All bells are off!" cried Gabriel: "Cease firing—Let us pray!"

I am afraid the Bystander is too suspicious. Last Saturday I wrote a little article calling attention to a most

peculiar spirit to the fact—more noticeable in the Bystander's own paper, the Advertiser, than in any other—that in connection with the work of the police

department, Sheriff Lauken's name was seldom mentioned, while Chief of Detective Taylor's was frequently mentioned.

I called attention to some of the phrases frequent in the papers, in none more frequent than in the Advertiser, such as "Taylor caught this one," and "Taylor caught that one," and the "Chief of Detectives, etc." and "The Chief, etc." transcripts in nearly every

issue from the Advertiser. Then I made the suggestion, entirely jocular both in spirit and in manner, that two years from now the Republicans might point with pride to the work accomplished by a fellow Republican, and who knows but it might be "Sheriff" Taylor.

The Bystander at once accused me of trying to make Lauken jealous of Taylor! So quick is the Bystander to resent the suggestion, notwithstanding that the whole article bore evidence of having been written in pleasantry; that one might suspect he had been detected in a secret plan to actually bring about the fulfillment of what I had jocularly suggested.

My next door neighbor was out late the other night and when he came home it was in the early morning with the assistance of a less affected friend. It appears that they had gone to a luau. A birthday luau. Every male guest was supposed to put a dollar into the calabash for the benefit of the child whose natal day was being celebrated. Finally the booze ran out, so somebody proceeded to tap the calabash to buy more. The result was that when the mother went to count over the funds that calabash looked like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Then the calabash was passed around once more and everybody dug up another dollar. When the booze would run out the calabash would be tapped again to buy more liquor. They played that game until 2 o'clock in the morning and I am given to understand that when the guests left the contents of that calabash were in much the same condition for cash as an overdrawn bank account. Everybody enjoyed the birthday luau but the baby.

Some people who came up from Tahiti on the Mariposa were telling their experience in that primitive country. "They have four kinds of money down there," said one of them, "Chile money, French money, Good money, and matches. Chilean money is really the currency of the country, although of course French money is the legal tender. 'Good' money is American money. That's what they call it, and that's the way they feel about it. There is no five cent piece in the Chilean currency, and so whenever five cents is necessary to make change you are given two boxes of matches."

"The French government, however is trying to drive out the Chilean silver currency and substitute for it the French coinage. As fast as Chilean money is received by the government for taxes it is shipped to San Francisco to be recoined. The Mariposa has about \$20,000 of it aboard. The natives are accustomed to the Chilean currency and do not like the proposed change."

He was old and his form was bent with the winters of many years. The summers had left little sunshine in his face. He was a stranger and he looked the part, a man with an octogenarian development of a bland and childlike nature. He sauntered into the Secretary's office and then into the office of Chief Clerk

Lloyd Conkling, at the Capitol building the other day.

"I don't belong up here," said the visitor. There was an air of bashfulness that seemed to pervade his frame. "I just came in to look at the pictures."

"Oh," remarked Conkling who evidently misinterpreted what the visitor had asked, and thought it was to inquire for some one "The chief clerk has not come down in the office yet. Wait a little while and I will take in your card when he arrives."

I doubt if any one ever entered upon the duties of a public office with a greater desire to do what was right, than Curtis P. Lauken. For his humanity of purpose as sheriff and his steadfast qualities as a man I have the highest regard, but—

Lauken in his desire to give an effective administration, an administration that he knows the Democratic party will be held responsible for, long after he has crossed the Great Divide, has announced that he wants "loyal" men. Men who will work to make his administration effective and creditable, but is getting men who are "loyal!"

I for one, can answer that he is certainly getting "loyal" men. But to whom are they loyal. Why, to Captain Parker.

Right under the nose of Lauken the Democratic sheriff, Captain Parker, the Republican, Civic Federationist, ready-to-be-Democrat and any old political thing, is slowly establishing a machine that will, within a short time, enable Parker to become a political power in whatever party he may care to throw his influence. It would not surprise me in the least to hear of Parker trying to secure the nomination for himself for sheriff next time.

One fact is certain, there were few appointments made recently, that were not satisfactory to Parker. There are signs now that steps are under way on the part of the Parker clique to eliminate the distasteful ones from the force to make room for some friends of Parker. It is a pretty game not a chess game, that is being played right under the nose of the opposition but once Lauken is fully acquainted with the conditions, I have too much faith in him, not to believe that the game will be blocked.

That Examiner story of the Japanese here secretly storing large quantities of rice, presumably against troubles times arising from that much talked-of but invisible war between Japan and the United States, has been verified. I personally investigated the story, since some folks were skeptical, and I know every word of the account to be true. But the Honolulu correspondent of the Examiner neglected to relate the sequel to the story and that is that the weevils have gotten into the rice and eaten it all except 20 pounds.

And this reminds me of the Examiner correspondent's story of the suggestion that the lava flows on Hawaii be diverted to the Hilo waterfront so as to construct a breakwater and save vast expense. It is a good idea but, like many grand inspirations and inventions, it is incomplete in the mind of the genius who conceived it and it is up to some lesser intellect to improve upon the original. As such lesser intellect aforesaid I would advise that the construction of a ditch for the guidance of the lava to the waterfront of Hilo would be a poor job, for the ditch might become clogged unless constantly greased with coconut oil. Instead, an asbestos syphon might be constructed from the crater to the sea. Put your giant syphon on a huge crane that it may be swung conveniently and when the breakwater is complete the lava can be used for casting dwelling houses, in one piece, in wooden molds.

I have some thing very, very important to relate. As a matter of fact I ought not to write of it in this department. It more properly, belongs in the society columns of the paper, because it is a secret and should be told to the fair sex only. Nevertheless it is a matter in which there may be others who are interested, so I will tell of it here.

Do you know that there are not less than four divorces on the tapis? I mean divorces, in which everybody here from the Panhard circles of the 400, down to the more meek, and lowly of our midst is interested? Think of it, four couples, well known in Honolulu, although all of them are not living here at the present time—heart sick and lonely though grafted onto the incubus of a non-providing husband or some thing like that.

I have been informed—and of course no one can expect me to divulge the source of my information—that one of the grounds upon which one of the would-be divorcees is to rely to secure a dissolution of the holy bonds of matrimony—made holy by a bunch of highballs that were shot through them—is non-ability to produce enough cash, or some thing equivalent.

But I desire to say that under no circumstances, will I utter one word that will divulge for the present, the identity of those concerned. Later on I may do so.

I happened to meet one of the Chinese who had attended the meeting of the relief committee the other day, in the Throne Room at the Capitol building. Governor, him allite," ejaculated my Chink friend "but whassae matter with loom, no can hear?"

"It's too bad that you don't go there in last late sessions. You might think the acoustic properties were altered together too good in that room!" I replied thinking of some of the brass

## SCOTLAND'S BARD GOES SINGING ON!

HONOLULU, WITH ALL THE WORLD, IS STIRRED BY THE MEMORY OF THE POET OF THE PEOPLE AND NATURE'S TRUE SPOKESMAN, ROBERT BURNS. THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH IS ROYALLY CELEBRATED BY THE TRIPLE CLUB.

The British and American flags, Scotland's royal standard and the Hawaiian Territorial flag, and a large portrait of Robert Burns were conspicuous in Waverley Hall last night at the Scottish Thistle Club's celebration of the birth of the "poet of the people," the spokesman of nature. Scotland's beloved bard.

Some 150 men, ranged along the great tables under the distinguished faces noted and all were happy. The program of entertainment was a most happily executed list of poems and great credit is due the committee on selection and arrangements. Every Scot who could get there was present and the air was heady with the Highland as well as the lowland accents. Those of immediate Scotch descent were looked upon with the admiring eyes of those who had to trace their Scotch antecedents by their great grandfather's cousin's aunt-in-law, once or twice removed. It was a great hearted gathering, a brave array, a bonnie sight and the congregation roared out "God Save the King" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" with equal gusto.

Chief J. C. McGill, chairman, started the ball rolling with remarks made the more appropriate by the burr in his voice. He got the first applause and deserved it. Piper Fraser marched in with the bagpipes and such music as made every drop of Scotch blood tingle. Then D. W. Anderson sang "There was a lad was born in Kyle," and he can sing, too, as everybody who ever heard him knows full well.

Dominic Alexander Mackintosh (the name tells the story) responded nobly to the toast "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." After delighting the audience with his eloquence he read some verses by Frank Godfrey.

C. E. Edmund sang "The March of the Cameron Men." This was encored and therefore doubly enjoyed. Deputy Attorney General M. F. Prosser in his usual bright, crisp style responded to the toast "The President of the United States."

James A. Wilder sang a rouser concerning the good old times when "we fit for General Grant" and he responded to the thunderous applause with a "sermon" so delightfully funny that the house could have listened to it all night. He later sang "Patrick McKenna" to the Queen's taste.

R. J. Buckley's violin selection and C. G. Livingstone's song "The Land of the Leal" were well received. Livingstone's voice is very sympathetic. R. Clifton got off a lot of sparkling wit responding to "The Land of Burns."

He described a review of troops by the King he had witnessed in Edinburgh in 1905 and gave some delightful touches in a description of the immediate region in which Burns spent his life.

Then Piper Fraser had the floor again, the floor and the roof, too, for the noise he made. Messrs. Howland, Livingstone and Edmunds sang together to the joy of all and Chris Jenkins followed with a song excellently rendered. The congregation rising sang "God Save the King" till the tables shook.

H. S. District Attorney R. W. Breckons being absent Secretary of the Territory A. L. C. Atkinson was called to respond to "The Land We Live In." "Jack" made good, all right, and had the tables in numerous roars of spontaneous laughter. Clifford Kimball and Livingstone followed with solos and Fraser once more hugged the bagpipe.

Judge Stanley spoke for "The Bar" He knew what bar was meant and, though he could not pronounce the word "Burns" proved that the absence of the accent did not interfere with a rippling flow of jolly and breezy wit.

C. E. Edmunds sang "Afton Water" the audience mixing it with the right proportion of Scotch. Arlerson came on with the recitation "Tam o' Shanter" for which he is justly famous and ARE COMING HERE.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, accompanied by the latter's sister, Mrs. Lucia Burnett, sailed on Saturday for Honolulu, where they expect to pass several months. While they are absent, Mrs. Charles Wellington stand will occupy their home on West Washington street.—Los Angeles Times.

FRANK WIGHT ILL.

Frank Wight, better known to his fellow students at Punahou as "Jonah" and to the sporting public as the sturdy center of the Oahu college football team, is at the Queen's Hospital with a very severe attack of pneumonia. His condition this noon was slightly better than at last evening or this morning.

MONEY FOR PROSECUTIONS.

The Attorney General's department has been allowed \$61,600 for the next biennial period, in the Governor's estimates. Of this sum \$23,000 is allowed for salaries. There is \$3,000 allowed in the current expenses for costs of appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

In buying medicine, a few pence from each bottle is no inducement to the buyer. He wants that which is most effective, as it is cheapest in the end. This is why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is so popular here. It is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it and its cures of coughs, colds and croup are always satisfactory. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

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## Laundry Location

SERIAL STORY NO. 1.

The linen you wear next to your body absorbs the discharge of the pores of your skin. On the other hand your body is exposed to all the dangers of germs that may be brought home from the laundry in your linen. A laundry should be kept scrupulously clean and managed by persons with intelligence enough to know the necessity of sanitation. One of the evidences of cleanliness is public exposure. With this end in view we have located a laundry in the heart of the city, on the ground floor where all the washing and ironing is exposed to public view from the street at all times. Visitors are welcome at all times and our wash room is as public as our office.

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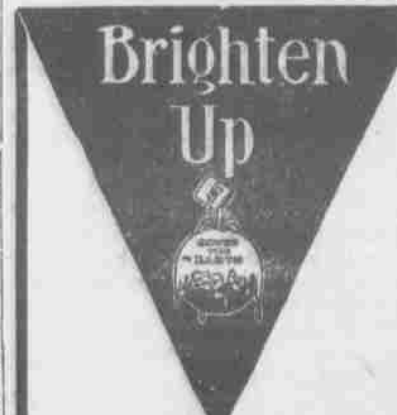
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